

## PAINT DURABILITY.

The first thought in painting should, of course, be durability—and durability means simply pure paint properly applied. Pure paint is pure white lead and linseed oil (with or without tinting material).

Some years ago the paint-buyer was likely to get adulterated or counterfeited white lead if he was not familiar with brands. Today he may buy with perfect safety if he only makes sure that the Dutch Boy Painter trademark is on the packages of white lead that he buys. This trademark was adopted by National Lead Company to distinguish the pure white lead made by them from the worthless adulterated and fake goods. It is a guarantee as valuable to the house-owner as the education of a paint expert could be.

**All in Fight Against Tuberculosis.**

Prevention of tuberculosis versus dividends is the proposition which some of our largest insurance companies are now trying to establish. The Metropolitan Life recently applied for permission to erect a sanatorium for its policy holders and employees afflicted with tuberculosis, but the application was refused on grounds of illegality by New York State Superintendent of Insurance Hotchkiss. The company is, however, conducting an active educational campaign by distributing 3,500,000 pamphlets among its policy holders. The Provident Savings Life Assurance society has also established a health bureau, where its policy holders may receive free medical advice. Several fraternal orders, notably the Modern Woodmen, Knights of Pythias, Royal League, Royal Arcanum and Workmen's Circle, have already established or are contemplating the erection of sanatoria for their tuberculous members.

**The Ever Changing Waist Line.**

Consider the mental agility it takes to keep up with one's waist line. One goes to bed at night in the sweet assurance that it will be under the arms for the next two or three months at any rate, and awakes to learn from the headlines in the morning papers the waist line is positively at the knees. There is absolutely no use in prognosticating anything about it any longer. That the waist line occurred at the waist was an axiom accepted as unquestionable as that the earth revolves on its axis, but in these days of higher criticism it is likely to be anywhere. It bloweth where it listeth.—Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, in American Magazine.

**Gender.**

The other evening Miss Y., a maiden lady of uncertain years, suspecting the cook was entertaining her beau downstairs, called Martha and inquired whether she did not hear some one talking with her.

"Oh, no, ma'am," cried the quick-witted Martha; "it was only me singing a psalm."

"Very good," returned Miss Y. significantly; "you may amuse yourself with psalms, but let's have no hims."

**Weds Her Rich Stepfather.**

Social circles in Pasadena, Cal., learned with amazement the other day that Miss Katherine Traphagen has become the bride of her stepfather, Cyrus M. Davis of Los Angeles. Miss Traphagen lived with her sisters in Altadena and was one of the prominent members of the Young Women's Christian association, being director of its short story club.

**Didn't Go Near the Water.**

"Have you caught a cold, dear?"

"Just a little cold, mamma."

"Have you got your feet wet lately, my dear child?"

"Why, I got one just a wee bit wet when in my bathing suit the other day, mamma."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Afterglow.**

"Are you still in the blissful intoxication of love?"

"No, I've reached the headache now."—Exchange.

Even doctors disagree and when they do it helps to swell the population of one of the other two places.

**IT WORKS**

**The Laborer Eats Food That Would Wreck an Office Man.**

Men who are actively engaged at hard work can sometimes eat food that would wreck a man who is more closely confined.

This is illustrated in the following story:

"I was for 12 years clerk in a store working actively and drank coffee all the time without much trouble until after I entered the telegraph service.

"There I got very little exercise and drinking strong coffee, my nerves were unsteady and my stomach got weak and I was soon a very sick man. I quit meat and tobacco and in fact I stopped eating everything which I thought might affect me except coffee, but still my condition grew worse, and I was all but a wreck.

"I finally quit coffee and commenced to use Postum a few years ago, and I am speaking the truth when I say, my condition commenced to improve immediately and today I am well and can eat anything I want without any bad effects, all due to shifting from coffee to Postum.

"I told my wife today I believed I could digest a brick if I had a cup of postum to go with it."

"We make it according to directions boiling it full 20 minutes and use good rich cream and it is certainly delicious."

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Well-being."

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letters? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



## SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Junior O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney, Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his way to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cranking the safe containing his gems. She apparently took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anstey. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anstey, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anstey himself and he secured the gems. Anstey, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement. Anstey, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being dissatisfied on return. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anstey, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and realizing himself tricked tried to wring from her the location of the gems. Then he proposed marriage. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland started for home. He found Anstey and the girl in his rooms. Again he overcame the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. Dan O'Hagan wine and dined the officers of the law. Hickey, a detective, duped by Anstey, refused to partake and mused on his ill-fate.

## CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Hat tilted over his eyes, one elbow on the chairback, another on the table, flabby jaws quivering as he mumbled the indispensable cigar, puffy hands clasped across his ample chest, he sat for many minutes by the side of his unheeded drink, pondering, turning over and over in his mind the one idea it was capable of harboring at a time.

"He c'd've wrote that letter to himself. . . . He's wise enough. . . . Yeh can't fool Hickey all the time. . . . I'll get him yet. Got-tuh make good 'r it's the sidewalka fr mine. . . . Me, tryin' hard to make an 'onest livin'. . . . 'Nd him with all kinds of money!"

The fat mottled fingers sought a waistcoat pocket and, fumbling therein, touched caressingly a little pellet of soft paper. Its possessor did not require to examine it to reassure himself as to its legitimacy as a work of art, nor as to the prominence of the Roman C in its embellishment of engraved arabesques.

"A century," he reflected sullenly; "one lonely little century for mine. 'Nd he had a wad like a ham. . . . on him. . . . 'Nd I might 've had it

all for my very own if . . ." His brow clouded blackly.

"Sleuth!" Hickey ground the epithet vindictively between his teeth. And spat. "Sleuth! Ah hell!"

Recalled to himself by the very vehemence of his emotion, he turned hastily, drained to its dregs the tall glass of lukewarm and rapid beer which had stood at his elbow, placed a nickel on the table, and, rising, waded hastily out into the night.

It was being borne in upon him with much force that if he wished to save his name and fame something had got to be done about it.

"I hadn't oughtuh left him so long, I guess," he told himself; "but I'll get him all right."

And turning, lumbered gloomily eastward, rapt with vain imaginings, squat, swollen figure blending into the deep, mellow shadows of the Tenderloin; and so on toward Maitland's rooms—more or less understood, malignant, coddling his fictitious wrongs; somehow pathetically typical of the force he represented.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Flight.

In the alcove the girl waited, torn in the throes of incipient hysteria; at first too weak from reaction and revulsion of feeling to do anything other than lean heavily against the wall and fight with all her strength and will against this crawling, shuddering, creeping horror of nerves, that threatened alike her self-control, her consciousness, and her reason.

But insensibly the tremor wore itself away, leaving her weary and worn but mistress of her thoughts and actions. And she dropped with gratitude into a chair, bending an ear attentive to the war of words being waged in the room beyond the portieres.

At first, however, she failed to grasp the import of the altercation. And when in time she understood its trend, it was with incredulity, resentment, and a dawning dread lest a worse thing might yet befall her, worse by far than aught that had gone before. But to be deprived of his protection, to feel herself forcibly restrained from the shelter of his generous care!

A moment gone she had been sure that all would now be well with her, once Maitland succeeded in ridding himself of the police. He would shut the door and—then she would come forth and tell him, tell him everything, and, withholding naught that damned her in her own esteem, throw herself upon his mercy, bruised with penitence but serene in the assurance that he would prove kind. She had such faith in his tender

and gentle kindness now. . . . She had divined so clearly the motive that had permitted Anstey's escape in order that she might be saved, not alone from Anstey, not alone from the shame of imprisonment, but from herself as well—from herself as Maitland knew her. The burglar out of the way, by ruse, evasion, or subterfuge she would be secreted from the prying of the police, smuggled out of the house and taken to a place of safety, given a new chance to redeem herself, to clean her hands of the mire of theft, to become worthy of the womanhood that was hers.

But now—she thrust finger-nails cruelly into her soft palms, striving to contain herself and keep her tongue from crying aloud to those three brutal, blind men the truth; that she was guilty of the robbery, she with Anstey, that Maitland was—Maitland, a word synonymous with "man of honor."

In the beginning, indeed, all that restrained her from doing so was her knowledge that Maitland would be more pained by her sacrifice than gladened or relieved. He was so sure of clearing himself. . . . It was inconceivable to her that there could be men so stupid and crassly unobservant as to be able to confuse the identity of the two men for a single instant. What though they did resemble each other in form and feature? The likeness went no deeper; below the surface, and rising through it with every word and look and gesture, lay a world-wide gulf of difference in every shade of thought, feeling, and instinct.

She herself could never again be deceived—no, never! Not for a second could she mistake the one for the other. . . . What were they saying?

The turmoil of her indignation subsided as she listened, breathlessly, to Maitland's story of his adventures; and the joy that leaped in her for his frank monodacy in suppressing every incident that involved her, was all but overpowering. She could have wept for sheer happiness, and at a later time she would; but not now, when everything depended on her maintaining the very silence of death.

How dared they doubt him? The insolents! The crude brutish insolence of them! Her anger raged high again. . . . and as swiftly was quenched, extinguished in a twinkling by a terror born of her excitement and a bare suggestion thrown out by Hickey.

explainin' how a crook like Anstey made three trips in one day to steal some jewels and didn't get 'em. Where were they, all this time?"

Maitland's cool retort was lost upon her. What matter? If they disbelieved him, persisted in calling him Anstey, in natural course they would undertake to search the flat. And if she were found. . . . Oh, she must spare him that! She had given him cause for suffering enough. She must get away, and that instantly, before. . . . From a distance, to-morrow morning—to-night, even—by telegraph, she could communicate with him. . . .

At this juncture O'Hagan entered with his parcel. The rustle of the paper as he brushed against the door jamb was in itself a hint to a mind keyed to the highest pitch of excitement and seeking a way of escape from a position conceived to be perilous. In a trice the girl had turned and sped, lightfooted, to the door opening on the private hall.

Here, halting for a brief reconnaissance, she determined that her plan was feasible, if hazardous. She ran the risk of encountering some one ascending the stairs from the ground floor; but if she were cautious and quick she could turn back in time. On the other hand, the men whom she most feared were thoroughly occupied with their differences, dead to all save that which was happening within the room's four walls. A certain hum, perhaps a third of the way across the study door, tempering the light in the hall; and the broad shoulders of the cabby obstructed the remainder of the opening.

It was a chance. She poised herself on tiptoe, half undecided, and—the rustling of paper as O'Hagan opened the parcel afforded her an opportunity to escape, by drowning the noise of her movements.

For two eternal seconds she was edging stealthily down toward the outer door; then, in no time at all found herself on the landing and—confronted by a fresh complication unforeseen: how to leave the house without being observed stopped, and perhaps detained until too late? There would be men at the door, beyond doubt; possibly police stationed there to arrest all persons attempting to leave.

No time for weighing chances. The choice of two alternatives lay before her: either to return to the alcove or to seek safety in the darkness of the upper floors—untenanted, as she had been at pains to determine. The latter seemed by far the better, the less dangerous, course to pursue. And at once she took it.

There was no light on the first floor landing—it having presumably been extinguished by the janitor early in the evening. Only a feeble twilight obtained there, in part a reflected glow from the entrance hall, partly thin and diffused rays escaping from Maitland's study. So it was that the first few steps upward took the girl into darkness so close and unrelieved as to seem almost palpable.

At the turn of the staircase she paused, holding the rail and resting for an instant, the while she listened ere ascending at a more sedate pace to a haven of safety more complete in that it would be more remote from the battle-ground below.

And, resting so, was suddenly chilled through and through with fear, when

childish dread of the intangible and unknown terrors that lurked in the blackness above her. It was as if, rendered supersensitive by strain and excitement, the quivering filaments of her subconsciousness, like spiritual tentacles feeling ahead of her, had encountered and recoiled from a shape of evil, a specter of horror obscene and malign, crouching, ready to sprang, there, in the shadow of night. . . .

And her breath was smothered in her throat and her heart smote so madly against the frail walls of its cage that they seemed like to burst, while she stood transfixed, frozen in inaction, limbs stiffening, roots of her hair stirring, fingers gripping the banister rail until they pained her; and with eyes that stared wide into the black heart of nothingness, until the night seemed prickled with evanescent periods of dim fire, peopled with monstrous and terrible shadows closing about her.

Yet—it was absurd! She must not yield to such puerile superstitions.

There was nothing there. . . . There was something there. . . . something that like an incarnation of hatred was stalking her. . . .

If only she dared scream! If only she dared turn and fly, back to the comfort of light and human company!

There arose a tramping of feet in the hallway; and she heard Maitland's voice like a far echo, as he bade the police good night. And distant and unreachably as he seemed, the sound of his words brought her strength and some reassurance, and she grew slightly more composed. Yet, the instant that he had turned away to talk to the cabman, her fright of that unspeakable and incorporeal menace flooded her consciousness like a great wave, sweeping her—metaphorically—off her feet. And indeed, for the time, she felt as if drowning, overwhelmed in vast waters, sinking, sinking into the black abyss of syncope. . . .

Then, as a drowning person—we're told—clutches at straws, she grasped again at the vibrations of his voice.

What was he saying?

"You will wait outside, please, until I come out or send somebody, whom you will take wherever directed. . . ."

—Speaking to the cabman, thinking of her, providing for her escape! Considerate and foresighted as always! How she could have thanked him! The warmth of gratitude that enveloped her almost unnerved her; she was put to it to restrain her impulse to rush down the stairs and . . .

But no; she must not risk the chance of relapse. How could she force tell what was in his mind and heart, how probe the depths of his feeling toward her? Perhaps he would receive her protestations in skeptical spirit. Heaven knew he had cause to! Dared she . . . To be repulsed! . . .

But no. He had provided this means for flight; she would advantage herself of it and . . . and thank him by letter. Best so; for he must ever think the worst of her; she could never undeceive him—pride restraining and upholding her.

Better so; she would go, go quickly, before he discovered her absence from the flat. . . .

And incontinently she swung about and flew down the stairs, silently, treading as lightly on the heavily-padded steps as though she had been thistledown whirled adrift by the wind, altogether heedless of the creeping terror she had sensed on the upper flight, careless of all save her immediate need to reach that cab before Maitland should discover that she had escaped.

The door was just closing behind the cabby as she reached the bottom step; and she paused, considering that it were best to wait a moment, at least, lest he should be surprised at the quickness with which his employer found work for him; paused and on some mysterious impulse half turned, glancing back up the stairs.

Not a thought too soon; another instant's hesitation and she had been caught. Some one—a man—was descending; and rapidly. Maitland? Even in her brief glance she saw the white shield of a shirt bosom gleam dull against the shadows. Maitland was in evening dress. Could it be possible . . . ?

No time now for conjecture, time now only for action. She sprang for the door, had it open in a trice, and before the cabby was really enthroned upon his lofty box, the girl was on the step, fair troubled face upturned to him in wild entreaty.

"Hurry!" she cried, distracted. "Drive off, at once! Please—oh, please!"

Seizing reins and whip, he jerked the startled animal between the shafts out of its abstraction and—

"I say, cabby! One moment!"

The cabman turned; the figure on the stoop of the house was undoubtedly Maitland—Maitland as he had just seen him, with the addition of a hat. As he looked the man was at the wheel, clambering in.

"Changed my mind—I'm coming along, cabby," he said cheerfully. "Drive us to the St. Luke building, please and—hurry!"

"Yesir!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Feminine Logic.

"The feminine mind is a strange arrangement," remarked a friend yesterday. "My wife gave me a letter to mail this morning, with two cents to buy a stamp. I told her the letter was a little over weight and would require an extra stamp. She said it wasn't worth the difference—and how to you think she remedied it? She tore the letter open, scratched out one page of it, put it in a new envelope and handed it back to me! Can you beat that?"

The University School of Music of Lincoln, Neb., is sending out some beautiful views of the State University and grounds free to those interested in a musical education.

"Conscience money," says the Philosopher of Polly, "is the 50 cents your wife leaves in your pocket when she cleans the rest out."

Some people act as if they were afraid they might forget their troubles if they didn't talk about them all the time.

## LUNDAHL'S "CRUCIFIXION"

To Be Seen in Lincoln at Hardy's Store During Fair Week.

FREE

The "Crucifixion," one of the most realistic biblical paintings that has appeared in the world of art since Titian's famous picture of Christ, will be on exhibition at Hardy's Furniture and Carpet Store, Lincoln, during fair week.

The painting, which is 9 by 12 feet, is the work of Frank A. Lundahl, the noted Swedish artist. It depicts the crucifixion at its most dramatic moment, just as the rabble breaks away from the spot, terror-stricken at the storm that has arisen.

One of the masterpieces of modern art has been broken down by the storm and lies upon the ground, an innovation which adds greatly to the impressiveness of the Christ upon the upright cross. The other modeler's cross is seen in the background, straining under the pressure of the storm. Save for a Roman soldier who stands on guard, Mary, John and the Magdalen alone brave the elements. The crowd is fleeing wildly from the storm.

Lundahl's close adherence to the New Testament's version of the crucifixion is notable. Costumes, uniforms and accessories are all historically correct.

This great painting, valued at from \$7,000 to \$20,000, was on exhibition at our store over two years ago and attracted over 10,000 people to our third floor. It has traveled over 30,000 miles since, and has been shown in Stockholm, Sweden; Copenhagen, Denmark; Belfast and Dublin, Ireland; Habana, Cuba; Montreal and Quebec, Canada; and Victoria, British Columbia.

It is our wish that every State Fair visitor should have the privilege of viewing this great masterpiece free at our store all of fair week, 1214-1220 O street. Store open to 9 o'clock evenings.

## Nebraska Directory.

### GREAT PIANO SALE

During the STATE FAIR we shall offer every the best of our pianos at a special price. big stock at large reductions from regular prices. This will mean a big money-saving proposition to those who take an interest in it. Here is your opportunity to buy a fine piano at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Be sure and take advantage of this offer while it is not hot air, but we do what we advertise to do. We are the oldest music house in the state and guarantee perfect satisfaction. We shall present FREE to every adult lady caller during the state fair, a beautiful folio edition of vocal and instrumental music; to every gentleman caller, a note or paper holder. Remember the place.

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